FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Betty sprang sideways, backin in terror. The echoes died away, and the summer sounds of birds and insects went on, but Charity set the mare to a gallop as a far off strange mingling

of shouts and cries came to her. As she rounded the last turn she saw the

camp straggling up the hillside, and a slow procession of men carrying a limp figure down from the dam. Len

recognized the wagon and ran towards

VIOLA

Harvesting is the order of the day

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harris of Meadowdale was visiting Mr. and

Mrs. E. A. Pitcher, we are glad to note, is able to be out again after a long spell of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Brand and family of near Cassville, Monongalia county spent Sunday with the fam-

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coogle of Rives-ville spent Friday night with relatives

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harris and Children were visiting friends at

Is that Why Men Don't Like it?
We will say this much for buttermilk. It created not one of the several million headaches that are throbbing this morning—Houston Post.

that I know—except just one. But that's the big one!"

COME ALONG, TOTO

working every day for some

Mrs. Charles Devault Sunday.

in this section.

ily of H. L. Harris.

at this place

and Sunday.

Most of the meadows are light

Charity's Patient.

By (ZOLA FORRESTER.
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Newspaper Syndicate.)

SHE was the fourth Charity Elization beth in the Hanscomb family, a fact which had always made her walk just a little bit straighter, and as Mab said, "more topliftical" than the other-four girls in the old gray house near Fountain Square. When one bears the name of a great grandmother and a mother and a great-great aunt, it behooves one to watch one's step along the primrose path of youth, Charity can be said huskily. "The boss is hurt. Could we take him to the village in the wagon? Ain't got anybou up here to set broken bones, and he had a bad fall when that blast went off too quick."

Once again Charity's word was law down at the old place, and Doug Lewis lay on the big four-poster in the doctor's room, while Charity called his father on long distance, and a famous went over the ling an absolut

overgrown and husky at sixteen, look-ed down at her in worried bewilder-ment. It had not seemed as if the overgrown and husky at sixteen, looked down at her in worried bewilderment. It had not seemed as if the splendid, hearty old doctor father could ever pass away from their midst. "Everybody's owed him for years."

"I'm not going to try," Charity responded. "I'm going to take in washing."

"Now, listen." Mab ruffled her blonde "I'd rather go back and get blown up for good if you don't want me to stay. Don't you care a bit, Charity?"

"Well," sighed Charity, smiling down at him. "Perhaps I wouldn't have sewn on your old buttons myself, or gone up there that morning if I hadn't cared. And Len says the men need you badly. I—I don't mind if you stay a little longer."

Now, listen," Mab ruffled her blonde a little longer.' hair excitedly, with hands very white and pretty from much care and little housework. "Just because you're going to start at the bottom of the ladder is no reason for going down in the cellar, dear heart. Who's going to do the the doctor."

washing and where are you going to get it to do?"
"Well." Charity drew in a deep breath, and explained her plan Meriously. Three miles up in the hills was the big new granite quarry, and down in the valley the huge new dam only half constructed. Over a hundred and fifty men were working on it, and living in

'I'll get the orders, and Tom can do the delivering with the team. You can keep accounts, Mab. That will suit you to a T. and Davie can count bundles at Mt. Clare, Harrison county.

"I presume you will handle the tubs?" scathingly from Mab, Charity leaned her arms on the ta-

ble and laughed. No, she would not, but she proposed to keep Delora, the colored standby of the house of Hanscomb, and likewise hire Delora's three grown daughters. They would turn the summer kitchen into a laundry and use up some of the nest egg in the bank towards a few modern laborsaving machines.

It had not sounded at all attractive

that day. In fact, when Mab went back to school, she carefully avoided the subject, but some way, the yellow road cart and stout Brown Betty made the trip back and forth day after day between the old grown between the cold grown between the col between the old gray house and tho camps, and Charity found her confi-dence returning when she balanced books the end of the third week.

The first shock her pride received time. was one day when a smart gray roadster pulled up before the side en-trance to the lane, and a young man leaned out and called to her as she superintended the washing of some

pongee shirts.
"My shirts done yet?"
Charity met him with dignity and spirit. Her cheeks flushed from exercise, her blue apron covering her pret-ty white smock. But her brown eyes met those of the young man with calm disapproval of his manners. "The name, please?"

"Doug Lewis. They're pongee. I told the boy to hurry them up and be careful. Send him up with them by

"They wont be done by then, Mr.

Lewis," Charity said, evenly and coldity. "We are too busy."

He looked down at her keenly, blue eyes clashing with brown, and then he smiled, with a flash of even white teeth, and a gleam of fun. "You the boss, here?"

I Try to Save My Enemy From Fearful Death.

"The curse of the pearls has come absorbed in his own anger and hate to pay attention to what I was doing. "Keep your eyes on him, I say!" he went on. "And now that it's too late for help to reach him, I'll tell you something: In the end of the torpedo case there's a bomb that'll blow him.

smiled, with a flash of even white teeth, and a gleam of fun.

"You the boss, here?"

"Watch him awnile and you'll charity flushed, but acknowledged that she was. His glance traveled pulckly over the old rambling mansion, with all the evidences of bygone grandeur and opulence, and now the lean years that had descended on it. Then he looked at the substantial forms of Delora and her daughters hanging out a spotless washing beyond the tall rows of sunflowers and dahlas.

"The boss up at the camp," he admitted. "This is Doctor Hanscomb's place, isn't it? My father said he saved his life once through some operation."

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"That's near Narragansett," Tom told her at the supper table. "They're rotten rich. Ain't he a driver, though? The fellows up at the camp say he builds that dam in his sleep."

Charity did not answer. The pongee

shirts were finished, and she was sew ing on three missing buttons with steady fingers. But her thoughts went steady fingers. But her thoughts went back to two years before, when her father had tried to start the movement for the dam, and local politics had worked against him. The Lewis money had made it a reality, and she knew all it would mean to the valley. knew all it would mean to the valley, opening up its fertility and bringing prosperity to the farmers, all the old isolated farms her father had visited for forty years. She told Tom she would drive up herself in the morning with the laundry bundles.

And at the same time, over a blazing camp fire Doug listened to the story of Charity Hanscomb's pluck, and how she had saved the nest from being blown away. One of his foremen told him—Len Allen, from the village.

"If those children could ever have collected what folks owed their father, Charity could have sat and folded her

collected what folks owed their father, Charity could have sat and folded her hands the rest of her life. I guess, but she didn't stop to repine none. She up and took in washing."

The next morning the yellow road cart drove leisurely along the river road towards the dam. And suddenly tharity heard the blast, and Brown

ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY

(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to foan, her chum.)
No. 10.
Lively Beach Hotel, Friday.

"Thought it was Tom, Miss lianscomb," he said huskily. "The boss is
hurt. Could we take him to the village
in the wagon? Ain't got anybody up
here to set broken bones, and he had
a bad fall when that blast went on
too quick."

"You are desperately needed," it
"You are desperately needed," it "You are desperately read, "room engaged at inn; please E. W."

it behoves one to watch one's step doctor's room, while Charity called his father on long distance, and a famous surgeon was summoned from New neral, Charity had long since decided.

But the day after the doctor's functioneral, Charity had taken stock of herself as well as Mab. Tom and little David, and she had discovered an entirely new element in her, a new courage and ambition to win out despite the winds of circumstances that had nearly blown the home nest to pieces.

"You'll never collect any of father's bills, Charity, and he wouldn't like it wouldn't like it for mearer.

"You went to law about it," Tom, if you went to law about it," Tom, The words danced before me. her nearer.
"I'd rather go back and get blown up

Listen, Joanie, have confidence in me! You have told me a hundred times that I am the cleanest-hearted, squarest girl you know. Keep believ-ing it. After all, dear, what am I do-ing that is so terrible? Going to take a perfectly businesslike position as amanuensis to an author in desperate need of expert service. What does it "Until you can go back with me?"
Tom stuck his head in at the door with a glass of egg nog, and withdrew it quickly. He took it back to Delora.
"He don't need that stuff. Charity's matter to either of us that he is stay-ing alone in the camp of a friend? I shall stop most respectably at the inn.
That is all there is to it. Let us not be prudish and evilminded, Joan. You can trust me, and it you knew Capt. Wallis you would trust him.

There is a practical side to it as well, my dear. The money I earn will be mighty welcome. You know when I going to prove this. came to the hotel I had just four hundred and ninety-five dollars. Well, I felt at the time that it was a fat little fortune. But how that cash has dwindled!

The rear is a practical side to it as well, I am on earth alone, without insult. I am going to prove this.

The Harvard lifeguard gazed at my with some interest when I told him I felt at the time that it was a fat little was leaving in the morning for a two-weeks' visit in the mountains.

"Too had" he said, looking at me.

Thirty-five a week just for board. My laundry, skimp as I will, and doing ment my own stockings in my room, is never "W less than \$3 a week—of course the prices here are the highest. Tips average about \$2 more a week.

Exursions and picnics which all the young people joined, have cost me \$11 to date. I had to replace my silver slippers which got stubbed out with dancing; \$7 more. A contribution to a patriotic fund collected by the hotel, \$5. Candy, magazines, toilet necessities, postage and incidentals (you know how, once you change a ten-doilar bill for something, you've got nothing left but a palmful of change!) have made another big hole.

When I counted my ward today I.

When I counted my ward today I. Exursions and picnics which all the

When I counted my wad today I found just \$389 my total revenue, and "Just for a two-weeks' stay in the I planning to stay the whole season! Don't you see that the fifty a week I shall probably earn will be a godsend? I am leaving my trunk here at the "I'm coming to see you, permission or permission." "I'm coming to see you, permission or permission." "I'm coming to see you, permission or permission." "I'm coming to see you, permission." Bruiston, Preston county, Saturday Sylvanus Steel was calling on friends at this place last week. The Amos mines at this place have

hotel but of course I am giving up my room. I am taking only a suit case to Forest Valley, with the plainest, simplest duds in it, and wearing my brown liften suit. I am determined there shall not be the remotest hin of anything save head cold business. anything save hard, cold business in my manner or appearance. You know my belief, dear, that a well-behaved girl properly dressed, can go anywhere



"Too bad," he said, looking at me

"Why?"
"Because you're the only girl worth talking to at this place. "But I'm coming back in a fortnight.

promptly said "Where you going?"
"Don't look so tragic!" I grinned.

"Indeed you're not. I'll be back here

going and COME."

The plot, as they say in the classics.

thickens Good-bye, darling-

large man as my friend, the secret ser vice agent! The man hunt had be-gun at an early hour! I held my wheel steady while my

boat tore at its best speed straight for the point for which Hamilton Certeis' boat was also headed. Again I look-ed behind me. The federal agents boat was also headed. Again I looked behind me. The federal agents had aroused the house. All of the Lorimer men ran down to the pier. Bob was among them—I could tell by the way he towered above the crowd. Shortly I saw a whole fleet of the Lorimer boats pursuing me. And I wondered the transfer of the state of the state of the Lorimer boats pursuing me.

"Keep your eyes on him, I say!" he went on. "And now that it's too late for help to reach him, I'il tell you something: In the end of the torpedo case there's a bomb that'll blow him to pieces as soon as he touches the diamonds!"

I looked up at the man in utter horror. I remembered the warning he had given me once and I had scorn held it, and Mary Thomas had paid the penalty with her life! I was paralyzed with amazement and confusion and my state delighted the wretch who watched me.

that I know—except just one. But that's the big one!"

By this time my engine was hitting nicely, but Bach had been too much the great mansion on the shore, there came an auto. From it leaped a number of men. I recognized a certain Lorimer! I have come to warn you of terrible danger!"

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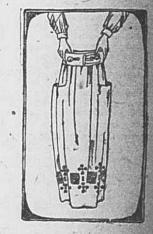
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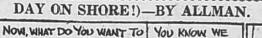
OH IS THAT

THESE ARE SPECIAL "WEEK-END" FEATURES

SURE TALK IS FREE IN

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(IT IS VERY ROUGH TO SURE, I KNOW IT, THAT'S









WILL WANT TO

THAT SHE HAS COME

TALKING ABOUT IT